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VICTOR.

"Every Dog Has His Day."



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ANDREW JOHNSON is the name of a President who is rarely mentioned. He did nothing, and nobody cares to inquire what he wished or meant to do. When we say that he did nothing, we do not intend to deny that he accomplished a deal of mischief; that he set at naught the policy of President Lincoln, or that his weak, perverse and aimless administration was not the direct cause of many of the political troubles from which the nation suffered in years past—from which she suffers yet, and must suffer until the men who shape her politics have better and nobler ideas than those that sent Andrew Johnson to infamy in eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-seven. So far as doing mischief was concerned, Andrew Johnson accomplished as much as any President that ever lived—more, indeed, than any one. But so far as permanent good was concerned, he accomplished literally nothing.

Poor drunken Frank Pierce rises to dignity by his side. Hayes, who was President only by the grace of the Electoral Commission, was far more wise, conservative and far-seeing than Abraham Lincoln's Vice-President, who became the President after Abraham Lincoln's death. We may look down the long list that covers more than a century, and find no man among all the men who have sat in the Presidential chair who has fewer friends, fewer sympathizers, fewer apologists—unless you bring the list up to include Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Harrison is beginning to make the public see that there were some creditable points to Andrew Johnson's character.

Andrew Johnson had at least the courage to stand out against his party. His party happened to be right, and Andrew Johnson happened to be wrong, but he made nothing of antagonizing the whole lot of them if what they proposed or did failed to meet his approval. He was invariably snowed under with neatness and dispatch; but if his party had been wrong and Andrew Johnson had been right, he would have come down to us to-day a hero-martyr worthy of a double crown. And who shall say that his trumpet-tones would not have aroused that mysterious contingent known as the Better Element of the Republican Party to a sense of its duty, so that, breaking away from its shackles of shame, it would have thrown itself on the side of right and justice? It never has as yet, but it might have done so, under such a leader. Mr. Harrison's party has now swapped places with Mr. Johnson, and the alluring programme just set forth is ready for his carrying out. But Mr. Harrison is quite content to let his party run itself to suit itself. Whatever that party does is right in his eyes. If it is not just what he has been accustomed to teach to his Indianapolis Sunday School, he was probably misled by his too narrow Indianapolis standards. Indianapolis standards are narrow.

Under whose administration would you have looked for the ruinous extravagance and waste of the people's money that has characterized the present session of Congress? Not under Grant, the great General of the war. He was a patriot, who would have scorned to have made political prostitutes of the army that under him had freed their Country from her shame. Not under Hayes. He knew a veto when he saw it, and he knew how to use it when the time came to prevent the financial ruin of his country. Men held their breath and wondered; but nobody wonders if our present president is going to stand out against his party, no matter how ill-considered its action.

Under whose administration would you have looked for so shameless an exhibition of personal greed and self-degradation as has been shown in the incident of the cottage at Cape May Point. Not under one of the list from George Washington down to and including Grover Cleveland—and there were many who failed to attain the standards of either. Certainly not under Johnson. He was a man of principle. He failed to grasp the fact that there were other principles, greater, more important, more comprehensive than those for which he accomplished so much harm. But he was ready to stand by the consequences of his action to the bitter end of

impeachment. He was not happy in his methods of opposition to Congress; but his acrobatic rantings were models of dignified bearing compared with the supine helplessness of his present unworthy successor.

Glance over the list again. There was one, already mentioned, whose judgement of men was too apt to be warped by his personal feelings. But once the unworthy character of a friend was shown up, that man was dropped out of sight with a promptness that was equally startling and gratifying. Nobody to-day is looking for the disappearance of John Wanamaker. Mr. Wanamaker is with the present administration for keeps, and so is Mr. Quay. Mr. Wanamaker understands the value of advertising, and had sound business reasons for acquiring at a large expense his Cabinet portfolio. Mr. Quay, it is only fair to say, is probably getting more advertising than he really cares for. It is also quite possible that the continued prominence of Mr. Quay in his party causes Mr. Harrison occasional uneasiness, but Mr. Quay is still silent and defiant, and Mr. Harrison is—well, he is probably still uneasy. Andrew Johnson found a bigger man than himself in his Cabinet, and that was not to his liking, and for "public considerations of a high character" Edwin M. Stanton had to go. Congress passed laws—the Senate in its majesty sent Stanton back: but Johnson said it was his Cabinet, if it was second-hand, and Mr. Stanton stepped out again.

It is not a pretty picture, this of the little man who entrusts to conscienceless pension-sharks the expenditure of unknown millions; who, the head of a great nation, is an uncounted factor in his own party, a helpless atom tossed hither and yon in its own internal contentions, unable to cope with its Dictator in the House, its Uncrowned King in the Cabinet, or even with its Embezzler in the Senate. And what of the party organization that puts such a man in such a place, whose only function is to serve as an apologist for Andrew Johnson?

It looks very like a party on the verge of dissolution. It looks like a party in which all interests are so opposing, save only self-interest, that it does not dare to place at its head a man of force, who would commit it to any principle or set of principles. It looks like a party run by caucus, that is, a minority party, a party hanging on by its eyelids, by gag-law, by power of monopolies, of floaters in blocks of five. It looks like a party in which foul actions and foul language can go unrebuked, must go unrebuked. It looks like a party appealing to all that is baser in human nature. And who shall say that it is not such a party?



RATHER CONFLICTING.

LITTLE INQUISITIVE.—And are all people descended from Adam, Ma?

MOTHER.—Why, yes, dear.

LITTLE INQUISITIVE.—But Papa is n't, is he?

MOTHER.—Why do you think that?

LITTLE INQUISITIVE.—Because people say Papa's a self-made man.



A FIRST VIEW.

CAP'N LOVERIDGE (*pulling up his horse*).—What 's he doin' there, Martin?
 KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—Makin' a paintin'; that 's hand-paintin' you 're doin' there, ain't it, Mister?
 BROMFIELD, A. N. A. (*who is finishing a study for his next exhibition picture, "Waning Summer"*).—Yep.
 KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—He says it 's hand-paintin' he 's doin'.
 LIDDY ANN KIMBALL.—Guess he 's makin' it for one o' them picture papers, ain't you, Mister?
 BROMFIELD, A. N. A.—Nop.
 ABS'LOM KIMBALL.—You might know it ain't for no picture paper; they don't have pictures of nothin' but fires an' accidents, an' houses fallin' down.
 LIDDY ANN KIMBALL.—May be it 's for one o' them funny papers, then—looks kind o' funny, don't it?
 CAP'N LOVERIDGE.—Tell him if he wants to put *me* in, with my ole hoss 'n' buggy, I 'll let him dew it cheap—ho, ho, ho!
 KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—Mebbe he 's goin' to put us *all* in—haw, haw, haw!
 LIDDY ANN KIMBALL.—He 's doin' off that piece o' stone wall now—do you have to git in every one o' the stones, Mister?
 BROMFIELD, A. N. A.—Nop.
 ABS'LOM KIMBALL.—He 's got more 'n forty different kinds o' colors in that there box. I wisht—
 KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—Keep yer hands out o' them paints, Abs'lom—prob'ly he don't want ye to tech 'em.
 ABS'LOM KIMBALL.—Can't ye give me some o' that yaller you 're squeezin' out, Mister? I want to paint my stilts with it.
 BROMFIELD, A. N. A.—Can't spare any.
 KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—Lijer Wright went up to the city a few years ago to learn the kerridge-paintin' trade—makes purty good wages at it, I be'n told. He comes down here once in a while to see his folks, all dressed up. Ever be'n introduced to him, Mister?
 BROMFIELD, A. N. A.—I never happened to meet him.
 LIDDY ANN KIMBALL.—If you want to put in our cows, Mister, I 'll go up yender 'n' drive 'em down. One of 'em 's a hookin' cow; but we won't let her git near you.

BROMFIELD, A. N. A.—Much obliged; but I 'm afraid I shan't have time to put them in.

ABS'LOM KIMBALL.—If I had that there umbrell' I 'd walk right past the meetin' house next Sunday, holdin' it up over my head jest when the folks was comin' out o' church. Gosh! would n't it be fun?

KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—I would n't like nothin' better than settin' down all day, daubin' off picters like that. It 's what ye might call a soft job, ain't it, Cap'n?

CAP'N LOVERIDGE.—I call it a purty lazy, shifless kind o' job fer a strappin', healthy man. If my boy Bill ever showed any signs of takin' to sech a trade as that I 'd yank him out to the barn an' lather him till he 'd walk pigeon-toed fer a week. They don't hardly make enough money at it to keep 'em alive. There wuz a man along here last Spring sellin' some kind o' colored picters er other. He wanted two shillin' fer the small size an' forty cents fer the large ones, frames an' all. Ask that feller how much he expects to git fer that one he 's makin'.

BROMFIELD, A. N. A. (*with an inward prayer for forgiveness*).—Tell him it 's sold in advance for six thousand dollars—and, by the way, ask him if he can change this fifty dollar bill, will you?

KIMBALL'S HIRED MAN.—He says he 's sold it already for SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS, an' he 's got the money in his clothes—an' he wants you to change a fifty dollar bill for him, if ye kin! (*To BROMFIELD.*) That 'll settle him, Mister; he 's stingier than all git out.

A pause of five or six minutes, during which nothing is heard but the rattle of a distant mowing-machine.

CAP'N LOVERIDGE (*clearing his throat*).—Sorry I can't change the bill for ye, Mister; did n't bring much change with me. But I wish ye 'd come down an' eat dinner to my house, this noon. I 'd like to talk with ye 'bout makin' some arrangement to have my boy Bill 'arn that there trade o' yourn. I 'd be willin' to pay ye what 's right if ye 'll take him fer a 'prentice.

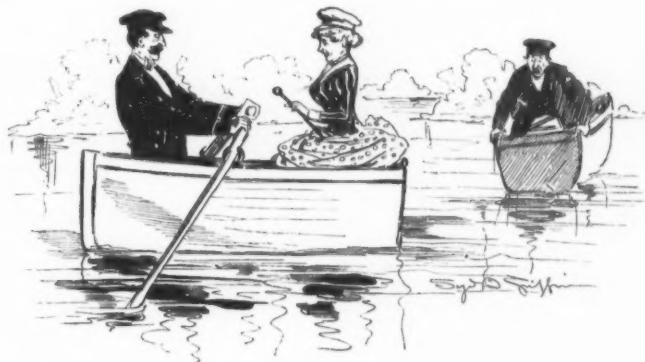
BROMFIELD (*completing his triumph*).—I regret that I can't accept your invitation, as I must be back in town before banking hours are over, in order to see about selling some bonds. As regards your son, I have two apprentices already, at three thousand dollars each, and I shall not be able to take any more for the next three years. Good morning.

F. Oppen.

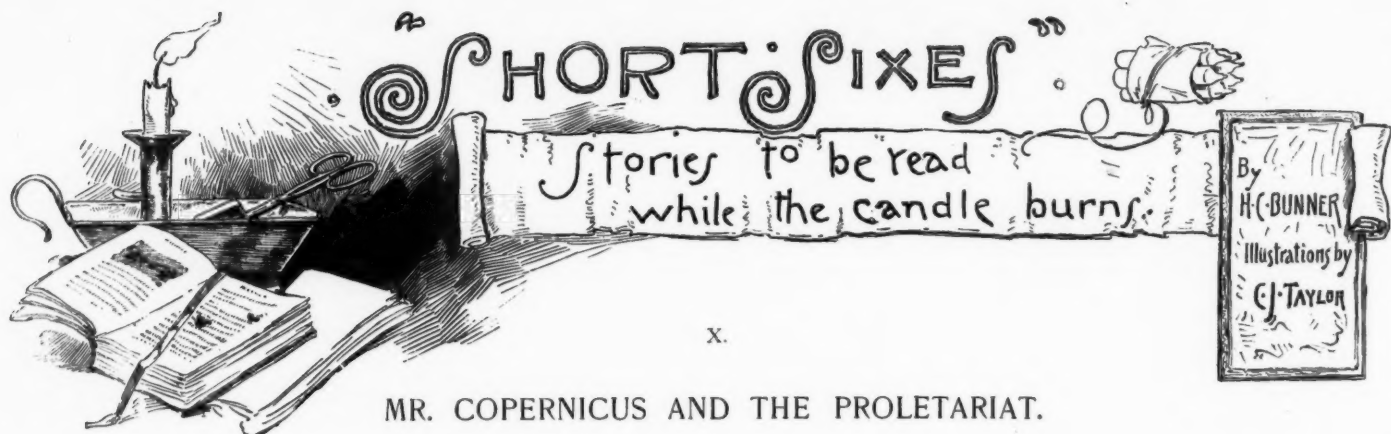
LEFT.



BLOOMEV—Say, Old Man, don't you think it would be fair for you to take a turn at the oars?



FORBETT (*as MISS CLEERCUT pulls the connecting-pin of the portable boat*).—Certainly, dear boy.



MR. COPERNICUS AND THE PROLETARIAT.

THE OLD PUBLISHING HOUSE OF T. Copernicus & Son was just recovering from the rush of holiday business—a rush of perhaps a dozen purchasers. Christmas shoppers rarely sought out the dingy building just around the corner from Astor Place, and T. C. & Son had done no great business since young T. C., the “Son,” died, fifteen years before. The house lived on two or three valuable copyrights; but old Mr. Copernicus kept it alive just for occupation’s sake, now that Tom was dead. But he liked to maintain the assumption that his queer old business, with its publication of half-a-dozen scientific or theological works per annum, was the same flourishing concern that it had been in his prime. That it did not flourish was nothing to him. He was rich, thanks to himself; his wife was rich, thanks to her aunt; his daughter was rich, thanks to her grandmother. So he played at business, and every Christmas-time he bought a lot of fancy stationery and gift-books that nobody called for, and hired a couple of extra porters for whom the head-

porter did his best to find some work. Then, the week after New Year’s, he would discharge his holiday hands, and give each of them a dollar or two apiece out of his own pocket.

“Barney,” he said to the old porter, “you don’t need those two extra men any longer?”

“’Deed an’ we do not, sorr!” said Barney; “th’ wan o’ thim wint off av himself the mornin’, an’ t’ other do be readin’ books the whole day long.”

“Send him to me,” Mr. Copernicus ordered.

The figure of a large and somewhat stout youth, who might have been eighteen or twenty-eight years old, appeared, rising from the sub-cellar. His hair was black, his face was clean-shaven, and although he held in his hand the evidence of his guilt, a book kept partly open with his forefinger, he had an expression of imperturbable calm, and placid, ox-like fixity of purpose. He wore a long, seedy, black frock-coat, buttoned up to the neck-band of his collarless shirt.

“How’s this?” inquired Mr. Copernicus. “I’m told that you spend your time reading my books.”

The young man slowly opened his mouth and answered in a deliberate drawl, agreeably diversified by a peculiar stutter.

“I have n’t been reading *your* b-b-books, sir; I’ve been reading my own. All I had to do was to hand up boxes of fuf-fuf-fancy stationery, and—”

“I see,” interposed Mr. Copernicus, hurriedly, “there has n’t been much call for fancy stationery this year.”

“And when there was n’t any c-c-call for it, I read. I ain’t going to be a pip-pip-porter all my life. Would *you*?”

“Why, of course, my boy,” said Mr. Copernicus, “if you are reading to improve your mind, in your leisure time—let’s see your book.”

The young man handed him a tattered duodecimo.

“Why, it’s Virgil!” exclaimed his employer. “You can’t read this.”

“Some of it I kik-kik-can,” returned the employee, “and some of it I kik-kik-can’t.”

Mr. Copernicus sought out “Arma virumque” and “Tityre, tu patulae,” and one or two other passages he was sure of, and the studious young

porter read them in the artless accent which the English attribute to the ancient Romans, and translated them with sufficient accuracy.

“Where did you learn to read Latin?”

“I p-p-picked it up in odd hours.”

“What else have you studied?”

“A little Gig-Gig-Greek.”

“Any thing else?”

“Some algebra and some Fif-Fif-French.”

“Where do you come from?”

“From Baltimore,” drawled the prodigy, utterly unmoved by his employer’s manifest astonishment. “I was janitor of a school there, and the principal lent me his bib-bib-books.”

“What is your name?”

“M-M-Michael Quinlan.”

“And what was your father’s business?”

“He was a bib-bib-bricklayer,” the young man replied calmly, adding, reflectively, “when he was n’t did-did-drunk.”

“Bless my old soul!” said Mr. Copernicus to himself, “this is most extraordinary! I’ll see you again, young man. Barney!” he called to the head porter, “this young man will remain with us for the present.”

A couple of days later, Mr. Copernicus sent for Michael Quinlan, and invited him to call at the Copernican residence on Stuyvesant Square, that evening.

“I want to have Professor Barcalow talk with you,” he explained.

At the hour appointed, Mr. Quinlan presented himself at the basement door of the old house, and was promptly translated to the library, where Professor Barcalow, once President of Clear Creek University, Indiana, rubbed his bald head and examined the young man at length.

Quinlan underwent an hour’s ordeal without the shadow of discomposure.

He drawled and stutted with a placid face, whether his answers were

right or wrong. At the end of the hour, the Professor gave his verdict.

“Our young friend,” he said, “has certainly done wonders for himself in the way of self-tuition. He is *almost* able—mind, I say *almost*—to pass a good Freshman examination. Of course, he is not thorough. There is just the same difference, Mr. Copernicus, between the tuition you do for yourself and the tuition that you receive from a competent teacher as there is between the carpentering you do for yourself and the carpentering a regular carpenter does for you. I can see the marks of self-tuition all over this young man’s conversation. He has never met a competent instructor in his life. But he has done very well for himself—wonderfully well. He is entitled to great credit. Try to remember, Quinlan, what I told you about the use of the ablative absolute.”

Quinlan said he would, and made his exit by the basement door.



"If he works hard," remarked the Professor, "he will be able to enter Clear Creek by June, and work his way through."

"And as it happens," said Mr. Copernicus, "I'm going to lose my night-watchman next week, and I think I'll put Quinlan in. And then I've been thinking—there are all poor Tom's books that he had when he went to Columbia. I'll let the boy come here and borrow them, and I can keep an eye on him and see how he's getting along."

"H'm! yes, of course," the Professor assented hesitatingly, dubious of Mr. Copernicus's classics.



"Well, Barney," Mr. Copernicus hailed his head-porter a month or two later, "how does our new night-watchman do?"

"Faith, I've seen worse than him," said Barney. "He's a willing lad."

Barney's heart had been won. He came down to the store each morning and found that Quinlan had saved him the trouble of taking off the long sheets of cotton cloth that protected the books on the counters from the dust.

Every week thereafter, Quinlan presented himself at the basement door, shabby, but no longer collarless, was admitted to the library, by way of the back-stairs, and received from Mrs. Copernicus the books that Mr. Copernicus had set aside for him. But one day Mr. Copernicus forgot the books, and Mrs. Copernicus asked the young man into the parlor to explain how it had happened. When she had explained, being a kindly soul, she made a little further conversation, and asked Quinlan some questions about his studies. Greek was Greek indeed to her; but when he spoke of French, she felt as though she had a sort of second-hand acquaintance with the language.

"Floretta," she said to her daughter, "talk to Mr. Quinlan in French, and find out how much he knows."

Floretta blushed. She was a wren-like little thing, with soft brown hair, rather pretty, and yet the sort of girl whom men never notice. To address this male stranger was an agony to her. But she knew that her French had been bought at a fashionable boarding-school, and bought for show, and her mother had a right to demand its exhibition. She asked Mr. Quinlan how he portayed himself, and Mr. Quinlan, with no more expression on his face than a Chinese idol, but with a fluency checked only by his drawl and his stutter, poured forth what sounded to Mrs. Copernicus like a small oration.

"What did he say then, Floretta?" she demanded.

"He said how grateful he was to Papa for giving him such a chance, and how he wants to be a teacher when he knows enough. And, oh, Mama, he speaks *ever* so much better than I do."

"Where did you learn to speak so well?" inquired Mrs. Copernicus, incredulously.

"I lived for some years in a French house, Ma'am. At least, the lady of the house was French, and she never spoke any thing else."

Beneficence is quick to develop into an insidious habit. When Mr. Copernicus heard this new thing of his prodigy and protégé, a new idea came to him.

"Old Haverhill, down at the office, speaks French like a native. I'll let him feel Quinlan's teeth, and if he is as good as you say he is, he'd better come once a week and talk French to Floretta for an hour. You can sit in the room. She ought to keep up her French."

And every Wednesday, from four to five, Mr. Quinlan and Miss Floretta conversed, Floretta blushing ever, Quinlan retaining his idol-like stolidity. Sometimes the dull monotony of his drawl, broken only by his regular and rhythmic stutter, lulled Mrs. Copernicus into a brief nap over her book or her fancy work.

Spring had come. The trees had brought out their pale and gauzy green veils, the beds of tulips and alpine daisies made glad spots in the parks, and Quinlan, at his employer's suggestion, had purchased a ready made Spring suit, in which he looked so presentable that Mr. Copernicus was half minded to ask him to dinner.

For Mrs. Copernicus had said something to Mr. Copernicus that had set him to thinking of many things. The Chinese idol had abated no jot

of his stolidity, and yet—perhaps—he had found a worshiper. Floretta began blushing of Wednesdays, a full hour before the lesson.

What was to come of it? On the face of it, it seemed impossible. A Quinlan and a Copernicus! And yet—great-grandfather Copernicus, who founded the family in America—was not he a carpenter? And did not his descendants point with pride to his self-made solidity? And here was native worth; high ambition; achievement that promised more. And Floretta was twenty-four, and had never had an offer. "What," inquired Mr. Copernicus of himself, "is my duty toward the proletariat?"

One thing was certain. If the question was not settled in the negative at once, Quinlan must be educated. So, instead of inviting Quinlan to dinner, he invited Mr. Joseph Mitts, the traveling agent of the Hopkinsonian Higher Education Association, who, by a rare chance, was in town.

Cynical folks said that the Hopkinsonian Association existed only to sell certain text-books and curious forms of stationery which were necessary to the Hopkinsonian system. But no such idea had ever entered the head of Mr. Mitts. He roamed about the land, introducing the System wherever he could, and a brisk business agent followed him and sold the Hopkinsonian blackboards and the Hopkinsonian ink and the Hopkinsonian Teachers' Self-Examination blanks, on commission.

As they smoked their cigars in the Library after dinner, Mr. Copernicus told Mr. Mitts about Quinlan. Mr. Mitts was interested. He knew a Professor at a fresh-water college who would put Quinlan through his studies during the vacation.

"Well, that's settled," Mr. Copernicus said, and he beamed with satisfaction. "I knew you'd help me out, Mitts. Only it's so hard ever to get a sight of you."

"We don't often meet," Mr. Mitts assented. "And it is curious that this visit should have been the means of giving me sight of a man in whom I want to interest you. His name is Chester—Dudley Winthrop Chester. He is the son of my old clergyman, and he has given his parents a deal of trouble. I don't know that Dud ever was vicious or dissolute. But he was the most confirmed idler and spendthrift I ever knew. He could n't even get through college, and he never would do a stroke of work. He made his father pay his debts half a dozen times, and when that was stopped, he drifted away, and his family quite lost sight of him. I met him in Baltimore last year, and lent him money to come to New York. He said he was going to work. And just as I came in your front door, I saw him going out of your basement door with a package under his arm, so I infer he is employed by one of your tradespeople."

"Just as you came in? Why—a large dark-haired young man?"

"Yes; clean-shaven."

"Why, that was Quinlan!"

"No," said Mr. Mitts, with the smile of superior knowledge. "It was Chester, and if I'm not mistaken, he was kissing the cook."

"Then you *are* mistaken!" cried Mr. Copernicus; "my cook is as black as the ace of spades. There is n't a white servant in the house."

"Why, that's so!" Mr. Mitts was staggered for the moment. "But—wait a minute—does your man Quinlan speak with a drawl, and just one stutter to the sentence?"

"I think he does," replied his host; "but—"

"Dudley Chester!" said Mr. Mitts.

"But my dear Mitts, the Latin and Greek!"

"He had to learn *something* at Yale."

"And the French!"

"His mother was a French Canadian. That's where he gets his French—and his laziness."

Mr. Copernicus made one last struggle.

"But he has been most industrious and faithful in my employ."

"What is he?"

"My—my night-watchman."

"Mr. Copernicus," inquired Mr. Mitts, "have you a watchman's clock in your building?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Copernicus, indignantly. "I have none of those degrading new-fangled machines. I prefer to trust my employees."

"Then Dudley Chester is asleep in your store at this minute."



A soft, moist breeze, with something of the sea in it, blew gently in at an open window of the second floor of the business establishment of T. Copernicus & Son. Near the window a gas-jet flickered. Under the gas-jet, on, or rather in, a bed ingeniously constructed of the heaped-up covering-cloths from the long counters, lay Mr. Michael Quinlan, half-supported on his left elbow. In his other hand he held, half-open, a yellow covered French novel. Between his lips was a cigarette. A faint shade of something like amusement lent expression to his placid features as he listened to Mr. Copernicus puffing his way up the stairs, followed by Mr. Mitts and Barney. The hands on the clock pointed to eleven. Mr. Quinlan's attire was appropriate to the hour. He wore only a frayed cotton night-shirt. His other clothes were carelessly disposed about his couch.

He waited calmly until his visitors had appeared before him, and then he greeted them with a gracious wave of his hand—an easy gesture that seemed to dismiss Quinlan and announce Chester.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "you'll excuse my not gig-gig-getting up

to welcome you. Ah, Joseph! I saw you this evening, and I supposed the j-j-jig was up."

Mr. Copernicus was purple and speechless for the better part of a minute. Then he demanded, in a husky whisper:

"Who are you?"

Mr. Chester, with nothing of the Quinlan left about him, waved his hand once more.

"Mr. Joseph Mitts is a gentleman of irre-pip-pip-proachable veracity," he said. "I can kik-kik-confidently confirm any statements he has made about me."

"And why —" Mr. Copernicus had found his voice — "why have you humbugged me in this infamous way?"

The late Quinlan gazed at him with blank surprise.

"My dear sir, did-did-don't you see? If I'd told you who I was, you'd have thought I was a did-did-damn fool not to know more than I did. Whereas, don't you see? you thought I was a did-did-devil of a fellow."

"Get up and dress yourself and get out of here!" said his employer.

"The jig, then," inquired Mr. Dudley Chester, slowly rising, "is did-did-definitely up? No more Fif-Fif-French lessons? No? Well,"

he continued, as he leisurely pulled on his trousers, "that's the kik-kik-cussed inconsistency. The j-j-jig is up for the gentleman; but when you thought I was a did-did-damn Mick, I was right in the bib-bib-bosom of the blooming family."

"Here are your week's wages," said Mr. Copernicus, trembling with rage. "Now, get out!"

"Not exactly," responded the unperturbed sinner: "a ticket to Chicago!"

"I'm afraid you had best yield," whispered Mr. Mitts.

"Your family, you know. It would n't do to have this get out."

Mr. Copernicus had a minute of purple rage. Then he handed the money to Mr. Mitts.

"Put him on the train," he said. "There's one at twelve."

"We can make it if we hurry," said the obliging Mr. Mitts. "Where's your lodging-house, Chester?"

Chester opened his eyes inquiringly. "Why, this is all I've got," he said; "what's the mim-mim-matter with this?"

"But your — your luggage?" inquired Mr. Mitts.

Mr. Chester waved a tooth-brush in the air.

"Man wants but lil-lil-little here below," he remarked.

"You see," explained Mr. Dudley Winthrop Chester, formerly Quinlan, as he stepped out into the night air with Mr. Mitts, "the scheme is bib-bib-busted here, but I've got confidence in it. It's good — it'll gig-gig-go. Chicago's the pip-pip-place for me. I suppose if you flash up

'amo, amas' to a Chicago man, he thinks you're Elihu Burritt, the learned bib-bib-blacksmith."

"Are n't you tired of this life of false pretences?" asked Mr. Mitts, sternly.

"You can bib-bib-bet I am," responded Chester, frankly; "I have n't said a cuss-word in six months. Did-did-did-damn — damn — damn — damn!" he vociferated into the calm air of night, by way of relieving his pent-up feelings.

"How long is it, Dudley," pursued the patient Mitts, "since your parents heard from you?"

"Two years, I gig-gig-guess," said Chester "By Jove," he added, as his eye fell on the blue sign of a telegraph office, "did-did-damn if I don't telegraph them right now."

Mr. Mitts was deeply gratified. "That's a good idea," he said.

"Lend me a kik-kik-quarter," said Dudley Chester.

At midnight sharp, Mr. Mitts saw his charge ascend the rear platform of the Chicago train just as it moved out of the gloomy Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A young woman of slight figure, with a veil about her face, emerged from the interior of the car and threw her arms around the neck of Mr. Chester, late Quinlan.

"I thought I was n't mistaken," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

The next week he received an envelope containing a scrap roughly torn out of a daily paper. It read as follows:

MARRIAGE

SCHOFF.—At the
of the Rev. Dr. Krohn,
BISCHOFF, daughter of
off. to THEODORE BREUSING, of Osnabrueck,
many.

CHESTER—COPERNICUS.—At the rectory of the
Church of St. James the Greater, by the Rev. Dr.
Wilson Wilson, D. D., FLORETTA, daughter of
Thomas Copernicus, of New York, to DUDLEY
WINTHROP CHESTER, of Baltimore, Md. No cards.

Marriage extra char London ad, without other the

And yet, within six months, Mr. Mitts received cards. They bade him to a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Chester at the house of Mr. Thomas Copernicus.

"I could n't have done that," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

H. C. Bunner.



NO EXTRAS FOR HIM.



Why?



Ah!



!!!



EXTENDING THE PRINCIPLE OF MR. POWDERLY.

BRIDGET O'RAFFERTY.—As if I'd take *your* notis to l'ave; thim days of slav'ry be past.

MRS. VAN DE VERE.—This day month—

BRIDGET.—No, Ma'am, excuse me—I've j'ined the Dames of Labor, and I'll just be afther callin' in Miss McGinnis, what does the washin' next door, and Miss O'Flaherty, what scrubs 'round the corner, to arbithrate betwane us.

WAIL OF THE MAGAZINE AND COMIC PAPER WRITER.



THESE EDITORS are tyrants bred!

Ah! tell me, what's the reason
They want our stuff so far ahead
To spring the jokes in season.

This life of mine is such a bore!

'T is harrowing my brain, too,
This springing gags six months before
The time they appertain to.

I sing the gentle Summer's praise,
And tell how "he" and "she" row
In shady nooks on sultry days,
With mercury at zero.
Though icicles bedeck the spout,
I gather in a nice crop
Of ancient Summer jokes about
The shortness of the ice-crop.

Or when, perchance, the sweltering sun
All cooling comfort vetos,
I get my Christmas carols done,
Then slaughter the mosquitos.
For me the gentle breezes blow
When Winter's sleet is drizzling,
For me the fields are heaped with snow
In heat that 's fairly sizzling.

And so my smile becomes a sigh.
Alas! I must remember
My New Year's comes about July,
My Fourth comes in December.
I only hope in after days
I'll go where cooling shade is,
And not be singing Heaven's praise
While sweltering in Hades!

J. P. Denison.

A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.—"Say, could n't you lemme have a dollar for the sake of old times?"

NOT IN JERSEY.

PORCHESTER PELHAM.—A prominent scientist says that mosquitos invariably go to sleep at ten o'clock at night.

MORRISON ESSEX.—Then mosquitos must be somnambulists.

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

TEACHER (*in American History class*).—Who marched to the sea?
BRIGHT BOY (*who staid at home*).—The Four Hundred.

A SUGGESTION.

"I want a good name for my new patent fly-paper."

"Is it sure to catch the flies?"

"Yep."

"Why don't you call it the 'Buck Ewing,' or the 'Roger Connor?'"

TOOK HIM LITERALLY.

MAJOR.—I think, Uncle Eph, it's high time for you to haul in your horns—that is, stop drinking. It'll kill you, sure.

UNCLE EPH.—Majah, I feared I been too long at it, an' cain' stop.

MAJOR.—Eph, it's never too late to mend.

UNCLE EPH (*after a long spell of thinking*).—Ef dat's so, Majah, I guess I'll keep on a while longah.

A PORTRAIT.

T. V. P.

He does n't smoke, he does n't drink,
He hates all little vices;
But all his life can't pay the harm
He does at Labor crises!



HIS POSITION.

"How does Shouter stand before the voters of his district this Fall?"
"With his mouth open, generally."

SACRILEGE.

Shakspeare's sacred authorship is doubted,
William Tell officially has died;

Harrison's Cape May tale was scouted.

But what's worse than everything beside
Is the way the census men have blundered,
Who, we understand it is allowed,

Counted in New York's redeemed Four Hundred
With the unregenerated crowd.

IF THERE is any lesson in the news of the world, it is that the most effectual way to disorganize labor is to organize Labor.



IN PROSPECT PARK.

MR. PARKE ROWE (*in Brooklyn*).—Twins, eh! Why don't you have a double carriage, Fulton?

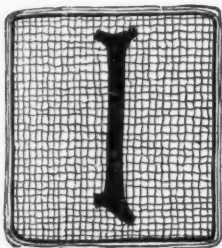
MR. FULTON LA FAYETTE (*of Brooklyn*).—One of 'em's Putnam Greene's. He's away for a day or two, and as there's no other man in the house I told him I'd roll baby for him.



A MONUMENT OF SCANDALS.



THE SIZE OF IT.



IT IS THE size of it that makes the difference. That is the size of it. Grown people and children will never regard each other as belonging to a common species.

Children look upon adults not so much as people; but more, we should say, in the light of a Hill or a Tree or a Marble Statue; something, in fact, existing, practically, from everlasting to everlasting. Children are poor, short-sighted simpletons.

Adults regard children as very, very young—far, far younger than the contemplating adults were at the same age. The adult recognizes a certain *childishness* in children, which is almost a distinctive trait, and which he never observed when he was a child himself. Adults are absurd, purblind idiots.

Children, seeing a man five feet in stature, consider him to be, say, roughly, twelve feet high. Seeing a man seven feet tall, they consider him to be twelve feet also. A superior man gets no credit with children. The noble size, the eagle eye, the graceful carriage, the lofty converse—all pass unnoticed. Indeed, children would consider any attempted distinction as to manly beauty or refined intellectuality as entirely chimerical and vain. The man may be superior in mind, brain and morals, it is all one—and that one is zero. If he carries peppermint-drops in his pocket, he is a gentleman and a scholar; if he does not, he is probably "an old coot."

Of course, adults are more discriminating in their admiration of children. Certainly. The adult judges of three points, at least. Is the child handsome, good, clever? But how does the profound adult go about to judge? Why, if the interesting infant, being a boy, has dark eyes and a velvet suit, he is beautiful, lovable and brilliant, all at once. A little blonde girl in blue is immediately pronounced a miracle of loveliness and amiability. But if the thoughtful adult finds that a small boy has hay-colored hair and dim eye-brows, he decides him to be the epitome of unattractiveness and indifference. An adult would not be grown up if he took any account of the good little thoughts in the freckled boy's mind.

I, myself, was freckled in boyhood's sun-burnt hour, and if my boyhood had been as lasting as the freckles, I would have had almost perennial youth. They were very solid-looking freckles, and I was afraid that when I raised a beard, the freckles would come off, and hang pierced in my whiskers like copper pennies in a red Christmas tree.

But because I was freckled, I did not love to be despised, and I felt deeply the injustice of the world's contumely. Yet often as I have stood, humbly casting down my eyes before a great monster of a man, have I been judged a little worthless numbskull, even as I turned a silent reflection on the size and wondrous shape of my fatuous critic's map-of-Africa feet. Never judge the poor shy blonde boy devoid of discernment, when you have baggy trousers or big feet.

But tomes would not bring children and men to a wiser and clearer understanding of each other. Children will be children, a people by themselves, and men will be men—for that is the size of it.

Williston Fisk

A WISE CATERER.

WAITER.—A guest has ordered frogs' legs on toast, and we have none left. What shall I say to him?

PROPRIETOR.—Tell him that we have some; but that you would n't care to offer them to him. That will give him the impression that you wish to serve him well, and at the same time it will keep up the reputation of the house.

A HOPELESS CASE.

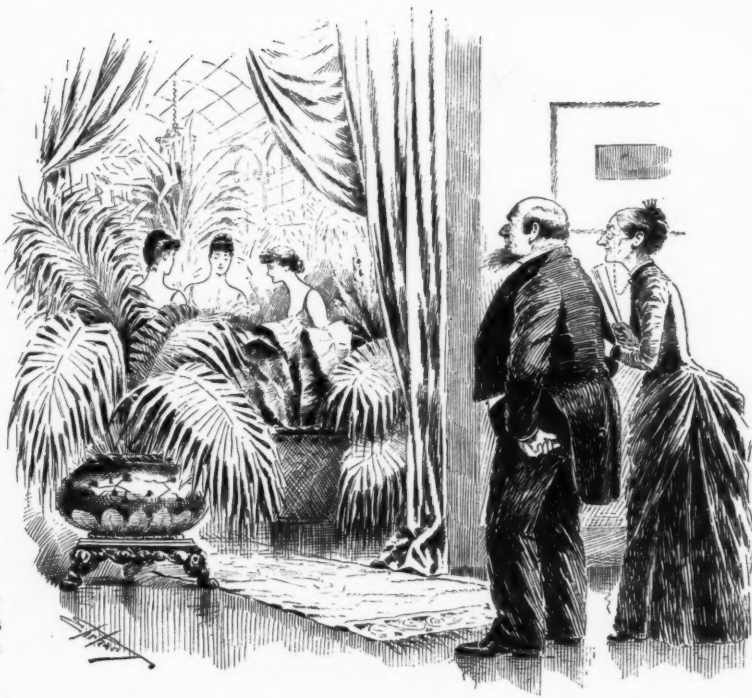
"Can nothing more be done for the prisoner, Mr. Brief?"

"I fear not, sir."

"The legal expedients are all exhausted, are they?"

"No; but the prisoner's money is."

THE DETECTIVE has his "dog days" all the year round.



A DIAGNOSIS.

MRS. HILLFARM.—Just like fairyland, is n't it, Silas?

MR. HILLFARM.—Um—ah—yes—more like the Garden of Eden, seems to me.

A SKETCH.

SILAS DENDY (at entrance to the Pekinboro Court House, to his friend, WILLIAM W. WAVER).—Did y' hear thet arguin' 'tween the two gents jest now, Bill?

WILLIAM W. WAVER.—Ya-as. I think 't th' little un hed th' best uv it, Si.

MR. DENDY.—You hear me, th' tall un wuz no slouch. And 'spesh'ly 'long towards th' middle—

MR. WAVER (interrupting).—Come to think on 't, thet wuz a stav-in' good p'int he got in there. Should n't wonder but what the tall un *did* hev th' best uv it.

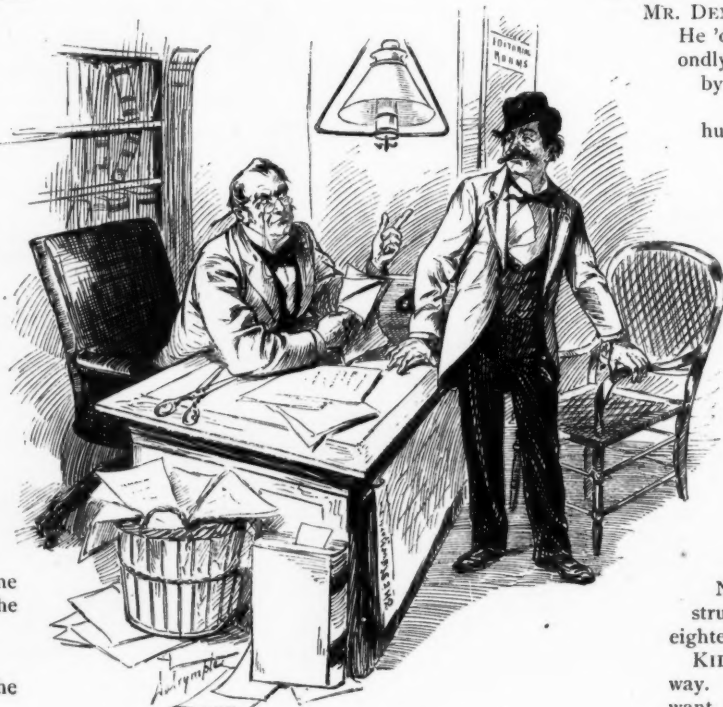
MR. DENDY (unheeding the interruption).—He 'd ha' knocked th' little chap silly, ondy for thet 'ere gee-whoppin' good crack by th' little un—rec'lec'—

MR. WAVER.—Ya-as. Thet wuz a hummer! No use talkin', th' little un got th' best on 't.

MR. DENDY.—It jest let him down kinder soft an' easy like. You bet thet tall gent wuz no slouch at arguin'!

MR. WAVER (nervously).—Guess you 're right, Si. Allus thort 't th' tall an hed a little the best uv it. But, gee hunk, Si! you 'll hev t' excuse me—et 's time I wuz gettin' into court. I b'en called as a juryman on thet Stoker *vs.* Kroker case!

Charles Le Furst.



A GENTLE HINT.

EDITOR.—If you did n't drink so much, Mr. Soque, you could make a great deal of money. How in the world did you ever form the habit?

SOQUE.—Well, I began by taking a nip every time I had a poem rejected, and it 's kept me pretty full lately; but I 'd real'y like a chance to reform.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

NEWCOMB.—It must be a pretty hard struggle for you to support a family of eighteen children.

KIDDER.—Oh, I make 'em pay their way. Hire 'em out to childless people who want to take the children to the circus to see the animals.

WHEN YOU SEE a small boy dividing his cake with another, it is safe to bet that a stronger bond than brotherhood unites them.

THE M. D.'S SONGFUL SOLILOQUY.

WHEN MAY with flowers was aglow,
Their way my patients wended
To me and asked: "Where shall we go
This Summer to be mended?"



The careworn mortal, long and thin,
With features sere and yellow,
I told if he would color win
To go to Campobello.

The maiden with a weary look,
Who'd for next season rally,
I sent unto a quiet nook
'Way up the Mohawk Valley.

The girl who thought she had a throat
Affection growing chronic,
Departed on the Hartford boat
To find the Housatonic.

I sent some up to Ponkapog,
Nantucket, Lynn, New Bedford,
Secaucus, Saratoga, Quoque,
Lake Saranac and Medford.

Now, while September tones the air,
I'm working like a beaver,
For now my patients need my care
Through chills and typhoid fever.

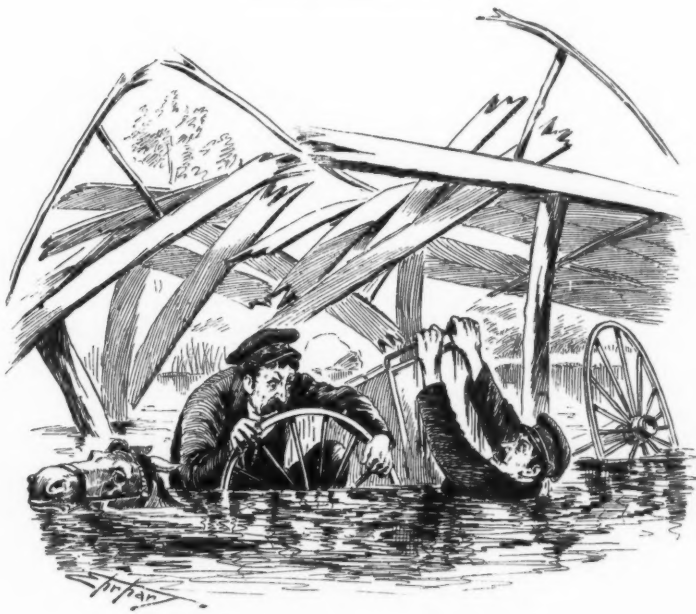
They went away serene and sound
To bracing sea and mountain,
And in those lovely places found
Disease's murky fountain.

I send those people off each May
With antelopic quickness,
And make things in the Autumn pay
Through many a case of sickness.

Hurrah! for all the rural charm
That makes my triumph stellar!
Hurrah! for every undrained farm
That does n't know a cellar!

The town such healthful methods courts
I have this grave misgiving:
The doctors, but for health resorts,
Could scarcely make a living.

R. K. M.



DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

SUMMER SHORE-DWELLER (as the buck-board goes through the bridge).—Hang on, Billy! It is n't as bad as it might be.

BILLY.—I know it, Sam. We've got our yachting-caps on!

A SUCCESSFUL COLLECTOR.

TOURIST (in Oklahoma).—Do you find it a hard matter to make collections here?

COLLECTOR.—Nope! You see, everybody knows I can hit the bull's-eye nine shots out o' ten.

REMEMBERED IT SOMETIMES.

MR. D. GOODE WORK (to PRODIGAL SON).—I suppose, Richard, it's pretty expensive maintaining churches in the city; about how much a year do you pay in that direction?

PRODIGAL SON (evasively).—Oh! you need n't worry about having to foot any bills of that kind, father; my church expenses 'll never break me, nor you, neither. When it comes to that, I always remember your counsel, and pay as I go.

FATHER TIME ON WOMAN.

If she meets but two hours delay,
"I've waited for an age!" she 'll say.
But five years of her age she 'll stifle,
As if that time were but a trifle!



A QUART BOTTLE.

(Scene, Upton Palace Café. Group of "Genials" around a table. Terrible Predicament of COLONEL NEVERTREAT, who, while pounding the table to emphasize one of his favorite oaths, accidentally touches the bell.)

WAITER (suddenly appearing).—What shall it be, gentlemen?

ANOTHER PHYSICIAN ENTIRELY.

MRS. AIKEN.—What do you think of the Monroe Doctrine, Mrs. Payne?

MRS. PAYNE.—I don't know any thing about him. You see Dr. Keneen does all my docterin'.

ALTHOUGH SHE'S FAST, and smokes
all day,
Men look on her with proud
emotion;
Admired by all she makes her way—
The steamer called "the Queen of
Ocean."

THE DRESS-MAKER seems to pre-
serve the eternal balances of
nature. As the shoulders went up
the collar came down.

SINCE "BLOCKS OF FIVE" have
become so notorious, the G. O.
P. will probably re-form the floaters
into batches of half-a-dozen.



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gate its advantages, full particulars and plans will be
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boats from East 99th St., 12 M., 2, 4, 6, 8 P. M. Also from Harlem Bridge,
120th St. and 3d Ave., 10, 12 A. M., 2, 3, 5, 7 P. M., directly to Grand Pier,
Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c; children half price. Also by horse rail-
road from East 92d and 34th St. Ferries, New York. R. R. fare 5 cents.
SUNDAYS, from East 99th St., 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 P. M.
Also from Harlem Bridge, 120th St. and 3d Ave., 10 and 12 A. M., then
Half-hourly to 10 P. M. directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach.
Fare 10c, children half price. Also by horse railroad from 92d St. (Astoria)
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A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"You must go to Washington and shake hands
with the President before you leave," said an
American to a foreign visitor.

"Certainly! His name is McKee, I believe;
but why is he called Baby?" — *Epoch*.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

"Oh, Clementine, be considerate and put me
out of my misery at once."

"All right; you stay there till I get a gun."
— *Chatter*.

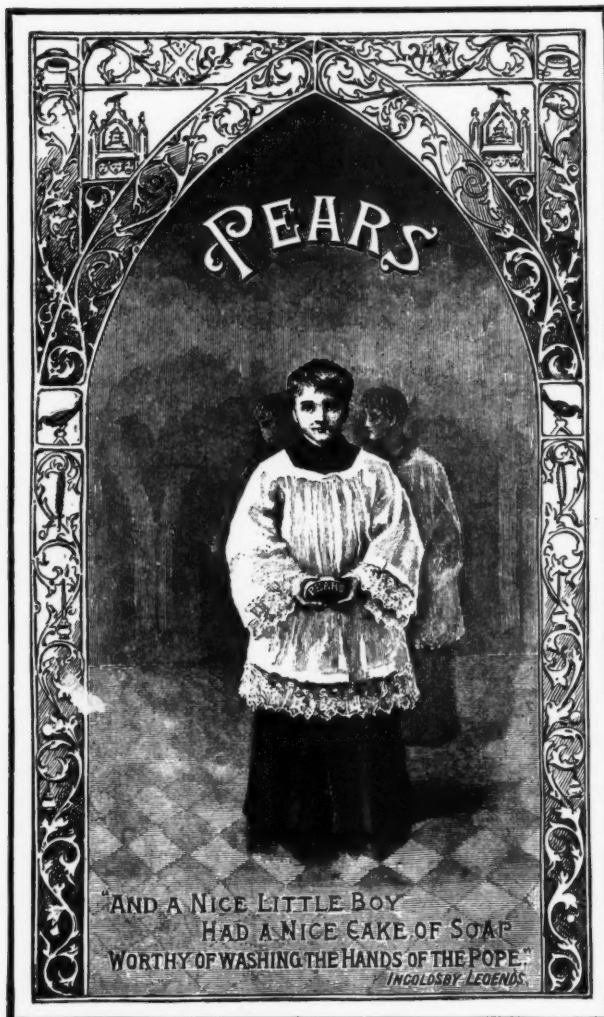
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"Sir," said the manager, "your characters are
idiots, your plot an atrocity, your story immoral,
your dialogue rot. That is no play!"

"No," replied Ibsen; "it's a Psychological
Study." — *Chicago Figaro*.

NO POLITICS, BUT PURE FUN ONLY IN PUCK'S LIBRARY.

MABEL. — I hear your engagement is off,
dear.

MAUD (calmly). — Yes; it was a case of heart
failure. — *Boston Post*.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb
box of candy by express, prepaid, east
of Denver or west of New York. Suit-
able for presents. Sample orders so-
lited. Address,

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NO BOILING
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY THE AGE. HAVE IT.
POWDERED. AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
75¢ PER CAN.

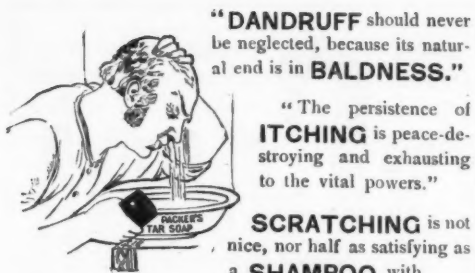
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

POWDERLY had better change his name to "Pulverized."
Boston Commercial Bulletin.
CATCH WORDS — Stop Thief. — *Prison Mirror*.



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Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Cooling and Refreshing. 25 cts. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

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MONEY may make an ordinary mare go, but it does n't make the nightmare go. — Chatter.

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ONE CONSOLATION.

FIRST ANARCHIST (*sadly*).—They have established free baths in the city.

SECOND ANARCHIST (*hopefully*).—Oh, well, there's no law compelling us to take 'em.—*E.x.*

JUSTIFICATION.

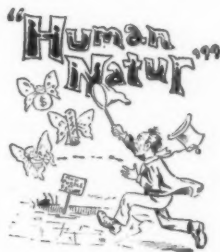
"My boy, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I can not help feeling proud of you for whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?"

"Why, he said I looked like you." — *Chatter.*

JUST OUT.

JUST OUT.

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 39.



Being PUCK'S Best Things About That
Curious Customer, Man.

BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN.

FOND PARENT.—Aha! So you are playing at hearts, eh? How does the game stand?

BLUSHING COUPLE (*dropping the cards and kneeling*).—A tie.—*Drake's Magazine.*



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For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

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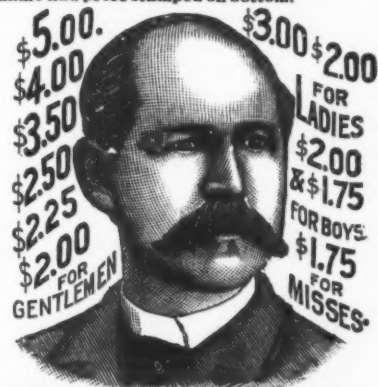
DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL. Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

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\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.
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have been most favorably received since introduced. Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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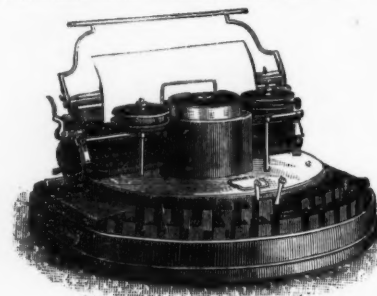
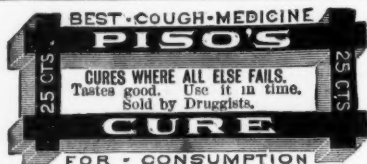
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EVEN a dead duck can claim that he died game.—Ex.



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Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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HONESTY.

OLD ABE.—Heah, Mr. Fellows, am er ham dot rascal of er boy er mine took from your smoke-house last night. I don't b'lebes in no stealen, ain I done wlooped de boy an brought you de ham.

MR. FELLOWS.—I admire your honesty, Uncle Abe, and to show my appreciation, I now give you the ham.

UNCLE ABE.—Much er bleeged to you, sah; but I don't want the ham; it's spoilt!—Ex.

PERNICIOUS RASCALITY.

"The idea that dead Indians are good Indians is all nonsense," remarked the Snake Editor.

"Well, they are certainly incapable of doing mischief after they die," replied the Horse Editor.

"Not necessarily. About 2,400 dead Indians in South Dakota did not stop drawing rations when they ceased to live."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"MOLLIE, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a fond father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that Mama has to scold you always."

"Don't worry about it, Papa," was the reply of the little angel; "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."—*Chatter.*

THE CRUELTY OF NEWNESS.

MRS. SAPPNOODLE.—What a beautiful vase! Of course it is antique?

JEWELER.—No; it is modern.

MRS. SAPPNOODLE.—Too bad. It is so pretty! —*Jewelers' Weekly.*



EVERY PERSON Can have small and pretty feet by using a simple, natural method, the discovery of a noted French chiropodist. A lady writes: "I have used two packages of **PEDINE**, and the result is wonderful. I wear a No. 2 shoe now with ease, although heretofore requiring a large 5. It has exceeded my most sanguine expectations." If you are interested in the subject, send for free illustrated pamphlet. **PEDINE** is safe, harmless, and unfailing. By mail, securely sealed, 50 cents. **THE PEDINE CO., 258 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

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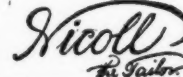


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JOURNALISTIC HEIGHTS.

DIGNIFIED STRANGER (at news-stand).—
Which of these papers is the most highly respect-
able?

NEWSMAN.—This one, I guess. Nobody buys
it.—*New York Weekly.*

NO HEADACHE
HAS YET FAILED TO YIELD TO

HIGH ENCOMIUMS.

RETURNED TOURIST.—I noticed, while
abroad, that twenty-six of the German papers
speak very highly of the new Reichstag.

GERMAN-AMERICAN.—Twenty-six off de
members off de new Reichstag is newspaper men.
—*New York Weekly.*

THE general run of men is to catch a train—
of cars or a woman.—*St. Joseph News.*

MRS. NICE.—My dear, that book is not fit
for you to read!

HER NIECE.—How do you know, Auntie?

MRS. NICE.—Why, I've read it twice, my
dear!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SMALL BOY (looking up from his history).—
Papa, the Union soldiers were paid only thirteen
dollars a month. Seems to me that's awful
small when a Congressman is paid thirteen dollars
a day. Why ain't soldiers paid as much as Con-
gressmen?

PAPA.—Soldiers, my son, do not fix their own
salaries.—*New York Weekly.*

30 cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30 cts.

A NEW Summer drink is called "champagne
mist." A great deal of champagne is missed in
the bottles of stuff sold for champagne in this
country, but it is not a new drink.—*Norristown
Herald.*

THIS FUNNY WORLD

AS "PUCK" SEES IT.

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HE HAD A PART OF IT.

MADDOX.—Meables is very swagger.

RUFFIN RATZ.—How so?

MADDOX.—He says it is a tremendous com-
fort to lie in bed and ring for one's valet.

RUFFIN RATZ.—Thunderation! He has no
valet.

MADDOX.—Well, perhaps he has a bell.—
Chicago Figaro.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-
ING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the
gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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HIS REASON.

OLD GRUMP.—Why don't you try to save
some money?

YOUNG FASTBOY.—Afraid some one would
want to borrow it.—*Texas Siftings.*

A CASE IN POINT.

"They say that a poet is born, not made."

"I think it is so. For instance, Adam did not
write verses."—*Light.*

Angostura Bitters makes health, and health makes bright, rosy
cheeks and happiness. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manu-
facturers. Ask your druggist.

THE Sabbath is also good for those who do
not want to keep it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE fruit crop is not abundant this year. We
heard a gentleman remark that he sat at table
half an hour the other night before he could get
a pair.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

NO HEADACHE **BRADYCROTINE**
HAS YET FAILED TO YIELD TO

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cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvellous beautifier of world-wide
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cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigura-
tions, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin
soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of
toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of
all other skin soaps.

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"I beg to say without reservation, that 'Sanitas' is the most
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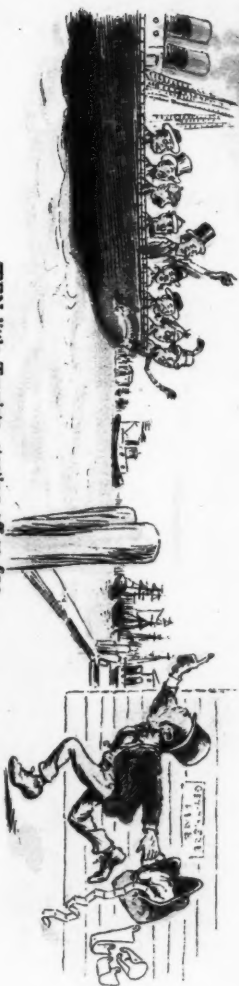
Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

"MISFORTUNES never come single," chuckles
the old bachelor, when he hears a tale of married
infelicity.—*Texas Siftings.*

NEWSDEALERS,

ask your Jobber for

PUCK'S Trade Notice, No. 4.



TEN little Tourists, starting off so fine,
One missed the steamer, and then there were Nine.



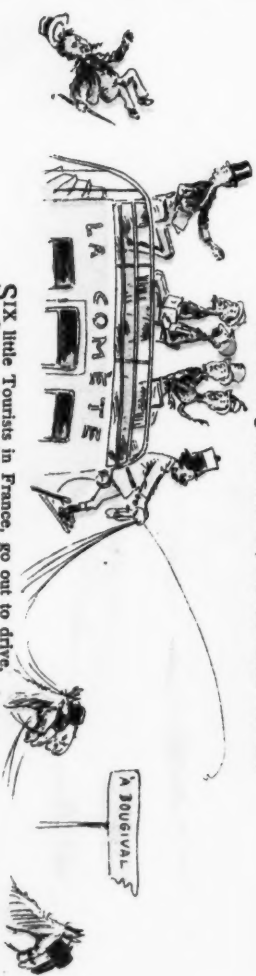
NINE little Tourists, in an awful state,
One gave up at Liverpool, and then there were Eight.



EIGHT little Tourists, traveling through Devon,
One was held for unpaid board, and then there were Seven.



SEVEN little Tourists, learning London tricks,
One was frightened into fits, and then there were Six.



SIX little Tourists in France, go out to drive,
One tumbled off behind, and then there were Five.

TEN LITTLE TOURISTS.



FIVE little Tourists, in a German Store,
One tried to ask for something, and then there were Four.



FOUR little Tourists in Rome, the sights to see,
A papal guard arrested one, and then there were Three.



THREE little Tourists of Holland take a view,
One fell in the canal, and then there were Two.



TWO little Tourists in Moscow, bent on fun,
One took a snap-shot, and then there was One.



ONE little Tourist, when his trip was done,
Bored his friends by telling of it—then there were None.